

Camp Hawkins by uhhargrove

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Anal Sex, Hairbrush, Hallucinations, Monster - Freeform, Multi, Nightmares, Object Insertion, Other, Smut, Step-Sibling Incest, Summer Camp, The Upside Down, Vaginal Sex, camp counselor, jerking off, thigh humping, wet dreams

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Robin Buckley, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

Relationships: Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler, Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair, Will Byers/Billy Hargrove, Will Byers/Shadow Monster | Mind Flayer

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Summary:

Will Byers is ending his second attempt at senior year. After his therapist suggests he try volunteering over the summer, his mom decides to get him to do camp counseling with his other friends.

1. Preview

He had dreamed this dream plenty of times before to the point every detail was engraved in his brain....

Will Byers still suffered from the nightmares that the upside down had plagued him with. The alternate world tormented him in the only way it still could now, through his own head. As Will got older, the dreams grew different as well. He went from being able to tell the plot of them to his mom and therapist to making them up instead. There was no way he'd be able to talk about them without quite literally dying from embarrassment.

So here he was, fully conscious in one of his dreams, shivering from the cold. Pale exposed arms and legs erupted with goosebumps as he walked the familiar viney pathway. The path led towards darkness and even though he knew what happens within the shadows, he went towards it almost every time as if forced. He felt like he had been walking for miles in his outgrown gym shorts and worn tee shirt. Though he was cold, he was covered in a sheen of sweat; whether it was from fear or anticipation he wasn't sure. He was never sure.

When he was well into the darkness, a bolt of static went through his body, lifting the hairs on the back of his neck to stand at alert. It was near. He could sense it before he could feel it but as soon as his body was aware it was there, he touched him. Slippery snake-like limbs started to move around on the ground at his feet.

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2. Fresh air would be good

Summary for the Chapter:

Will's doctor gives an order.

Tw : Sexual Monster activity (slight), groping (slight), short chapter

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He heard his name being whispered in different layered voices, beckoning him in a commanding sort of way. It made him nauseous every night it called to him. And now as he felt one of the limbs- he

despised thinking of them as tentacles- he froze in place unwillingly. For reasons unknown to him, he was conscious of his mind but not his body. It moved with the plot of the demented storyline no matter how hard he tried to fight against it.

The plant-like vines wrapped around his ankles in a tight grip while some slithered up his sides and coiled around his wrists, holding him in place as if he had a choice to move in the first place. The vibes pulled him down in an unceremonious manner, making his back hit the ground harshly. He groaned at the blow, looking aimlessly around at the abyss of blackness. He could sense the mind flayer around him so well that he could see it in the back of his mind, but other than that, it was all he could see.

Will flinched when a vine trickled up his thigh ever so lightly, lighting mini fires of unwanted arousal on his skin. It wound around his thigh, the apex of the limb flicking back and forth under the hem of his shorts. Will wriggled his hips as much as he could, holding his breath as the limb wasted zero to no time brushing over his budding erection.

“Relax William...I’ll have you soon enough.” The voice said.

Will jolt awake from the dream, in his own bed that was damp with sweat. He sat up with labored breaths, looking down at his lap to the wet spot in his shorts. This was also normal after these dreams-creaming his shorts like a middle school boy. He sighed and got up, starting the last day of school by having to put his sheets in the wash.

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Will parked the hand-me-down car in the parking lot of the hospital he revisited nearly twice a week. There was relief that was washing over him for finally finishing the school year but there was also an edge of disappointment that lingered with him since he had to repeat it twice while his friends graduated without him. it was bittersweet but as his mom always said...

“It’s not your fault that you were...going through things during your first senior year.”

Will dropped his hands from the steering wheel and looked over at his mom who was still as frail and fidgety as always. She had new locks of silver hair and more wrinkles from the stress of getting Will the help he needed after the incidents with the upside down. He appreciated her deeply but still he wished she would stop coddling him as if he were still that scared thirteen year old.

“Yeah, but mom. I’m nineteen. It’s embarrassing graduating this late. Do you know how annoying it was to be the talk of the school yet again.”

“Well they try defeating a mind controlling monster and see how well they deal with it. If I was there I’d-“

“Mom. Let’s just go inside.”

Though he was old enough to go to his doctor by himself, his mom still wanted to tag along. Even when Will insisted she sit outside from time to time when she got too defensive about his health. Now as they were walking up to the almost abandoned hospital, Joyce clung to her son’s arm as if she was the one who was struggling.

The building was still cold, unnaturally so. There were maybe one or two nurses in his line of sight at the front desk but the main lobby itself was guarded by men and women in intimidating black uniforms. They were armed and blank in their facial expressions or at least what was shown from the distortion of the helmets they wore. Will used to tiptoe past them when he was younger at the start of having to come here but now they all knew him and his mom. They parted the security line for them without a second glance. Will didn’t know if he felt like a sick kid or a weapon the way they hid and treated his ailments with the upside down.

Will was sure this building was only put back in use because of him and his spiritual sister Jane. Though Jane was off at college now and it was only him that the doctor attended to. So when he walked straight back to the exam room instead of a waiting room it didn’t seem weird to him, this was practically his own personal research lab.

His doctor (Mr. Mantel) checked his height, his lungs, his kidneys-

the whole nine yards of a checkup. Once he was in his hospital gown man cupped Will's balls and made him cough- which Will always hated. His doctor would always make his mom stand outside which he was grateful for but he felt so exposed like this. His exams were so much more frequent than a normal person on the account that his doctor worried that one day the mind flayer might start mutating him.

Something about these exams though, were always suspicious, the doctor's gloved hands would linger on him just like they were now. Will still faced away from the older man as he started to ask normal exam questions.

"Are you taking your medication William?"

Will shivered as the man's hands started to grope at his ass.

"Yes sir..."

"Very good. Well how have you been feeling as of late? Anything new I should know about?"

The doctor moved down to his thighs now and Will wondered if this happened with Jane too.

Will swallowed, "Nothing new. I've been feeling okay actually."

"Are you sexually active? You're getting to be a pretty big boy," Mr. Mantel punctuated his sentence by pulling Will's hips back until he was in a more bent over position, running his thumb over Will's hole. The boy squirmed.

"N-no I'm not."

Will gripped his fingers into the exam bench, crinkling up the fresh paper as he felt the thumb push against his hole. Then the pressure was gone.

"You should leave your mother at home next time William, our next exam should be a bit more lengthy I'm afraid. You may take a seat."

Will hurriedly took a seat on the bench as the doctor let his mother

in. The boy was beet red but she didn't seem to notice.

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As the adults talked about him Will sat and fidgeted with the hem of the gown. The doctor had suggested Will go to a summer camp to get him to socialize more and Will wasn't sure if he was into that idea or not. They were hiring camp counselors, the doctor informed, but Will was well aware of that since Mike and Max were already signed up to do that this summer.

"What about his night terrors...what about the monster?" His mom asked quietly from her seat, nervously messing with her hair.

"He's showing improvements, Joyce. I think it would be good for him but he'll still have to visit me at least once a week now."

Joyce nodded, trusting the doctor's opinion.

"And I suggest he start visiting me on his own. You're only furthering his co-dependency issues."

"But doctor--"

"Doctor's orders Joyce. You two are free to go."

So Will got dressed and then he and his mom made their way back home. They never had much to talk about anymore and instead just played Johnathan's old CD's.

They were home quicker than they had left and Will helped his mother start dinner. They decided to have chicken and mashed potatoes but after the potatoes came out too soupy, they opted out for tv dinners instead. They sat on the couch in front of their box tv set, watching some romantic comedy his mom loved. After they ate, Joyce laid her head in her son's lap.

"Do you want to go to camp, hun?"

Will sighed softly and smoothed his hand over his mother's hair.

"Are you asking me or are you pleading with me to stay?"

“I want you to be happy and healthy but-,” the woman just went silent instead.

“You can’t hold my hand through life mom. I’m getting older...don’t you think I should move out soon? Eventually?”

Joyce sniffled a bit, “Of course but you’re still my baby. That moment I lost you to that thing I felt like I could die. Now I have you back and I just don’t want to let you go ever again.”

“Mom-“

“And what will I do when you’re gone? I’ll be in this house all by myself.”

Will rubbed her shoulder, “Or you could just move in with Hopper like he asked you to.”

“I’m not ready for that,” She sniffled.

“You two have been dating for years now,” he shook his head at his mom’s stubbornness, “And I’m going to camp so you’re going to get lonely eventually. Why not start going on dates with him again?”

“Enough talk now, hun. I’m too tired to talk.”

That’s what his mom liked to say now whenever she didn’t like a response. She wasn’t one to argue and she knew she would cry if she tried. That next morning she helped him call the camp advisor and get him the job. For once, Will kind of felt excited for something but he wasn’t sure why.

Notes for the Chapter:

This story is going to be pretty dark and Will centric. It will still be extremely taboo like the last one but there is more of a plot. Some of the dark themes include : Corruption, molestation, mind control, and monster fucking...kinda?? Not really. I don’t know what to call it yet but there will be dark themes okay. Also I will trigger warning before my chapters now. Don’t worry though, the kinky pairings are still

here to stay ;)

3. Dead Man Walking

Summary for the Chapter:

tw / BillyxMax , bruises, anal insertion, grinding, domestic violence...I guess

Max rechecked herself in the mirror, brushing through her bright red hair. She had let it grow down to her waist or- she had been coaxed into letting it grow out. Every time she would sit in front of her vanity, running her chipped paddle brush through the long river-like flow of her hair, she would get the burning urge to take a pair of scissors to it. Complementing the fire that was her hair, was the cool purpling bruise forming on her cheek. Max reached up and touched the two day old splotch, recoiling her hand as quickly as it made contact.

She felt her hand twitch as if to reach the concealer that was looking up at her but she stopped herself, knowing how much he loved watching his marks form all over her, it was like signing a signature on her to him. When she was younger it was about the smoothness of her pubescent frame, the pudginess of her thighs and stomach though now that she was older and had slimmed out and curved in all the right places, the man adored the bruises more. Or maybe it had everything to do with the accident so long ago in that mall.

There was a creak at her bedroom door and it was obvious who it was. She looked over her shoulder at the sight of Mr. Hargrove's boot crossing over the threshold, dirty and worn. That man, however, was dead. The body that followed was instead his oldest and only son, Billy. Max shivered at the sight of him sometimes like right now as she eyed his shirtless form, taking in the horrifying scar that was placed in the middle of his chest. It healed as ugly as one would think, twisting and folding in on itself while trying to mend the hole the mind flayer had left him. No one thought he would live but Max has a suspicion he was only alive because the mind flayer still needed him to be.

Her train of thought ceased as he crossed her room towards her. He instantly cupped her face and ran his thumb over that bruise he had

given her. He stroked it lovingly as if it were some love letter a dead lover had bestowed him. She watched him from her seat at the vanity, watching how distant his eyes seemed. They were always distant nowadays, glossed over as if he were on autopilot. Now his thumb pressed into that bruise, bringing a weak whine of pain to the girl.

“Are you almost finished, Max? For camp?” He asked her this with his finger still pressing into her bruise.

“Yeah Billy,” she pushed his hand away.

Billy had been a counselor at Camp Hawkins since he graduated. He was surprisingly good at the job even though it mostly dealt with kids. When Max graduated last year, he was quick to get her a job there with him to be ‘helpful’ but she knew he only did it so she could stay close to him.

Billy reached over and messed up her hair with an almost smirk.

“You’re going to leave the house with your hair like this?”

She knew better than to question him and grabbed her brush to fix what he messed up without another word. He grabbed her wrist as soon as she did, taking the brush into his own hand and using it to motion her to get up. Once she stood he sat in her spot, patting his lap. Max took a seat, placing a hand on the vanity desk to keep herself balanced. Even now at twenty years old, she was still smaller than Billy, who almost seemed bigger than usual nowadays. He started to run the brush through her hair, starting from the ends and working his way up in a way that was so gentle compared to how he usually interacted with her.

She watched him from reflection in the mirror, taking in the features she had known most of her life though they seemed almost changed now. As she sat there on his lap, she became aware quite quickly that the man was growing hard beneath her. She could feel his length growing stiff and throbbing right against her clothed core, burning her cheeks red. He met her eyes in the mirror now, continuing to brush her hair.

She could feel her pussy heating up between her legs making her close them a bit. Billy only grinned at her slyly, parting her thighs with one hand. His other hand rotated the brush so that he held the bristles. He brought the handle down between her legs, pressing it to her cunt through her khaki shorts. Max sucked in a breath, squirming away from the handle.

“Billy-“

“Shut up before I spank you with this brush instead.” He started to massage her clit with the end of the brush, pressing down harshly to make sure she felt it properly through her shorts.

Max unconsciously rolled her hips, consequently grinding against Billy hard-on. He was hornier since the accident, if that were possible. She had done things with Billy before but now it was constant. It kept his emotions at bay, a stress relief. It was like falling into a routine almost: blow job under the table while he ate dinner and Max’s mother was gone, letting him finger her after a shower because he liked when her hair was wet, cock warming him at night because it helped him sleep and kept the nightmares away.

He liked to use her. His perfect little ginger.

He’d been toying her with the brush for awhile before taking his eyes off the mirror and looking down between her legs. Sure enough there was a wet spot darkening the tanness of her shorts. Billy slapped a hand down against it, laughing when Max cried out at the pain.

“Looks like you wet yourself...”

“Shut the fuck up, Billy.”

He threw the brush on the desk and lifted her up by her waist, making her stand up so he could strip her out of the shorts and soaked panties. As he pulled the thong down, a trail of her wetness followed, making him lick his bottom lip. He kissed her ass that had a few bruises as well. Almost a week ago he had taken a belt to her just because something had pissed him off, maybe it had been how late she had stayed out or something about the way she looked at him. He couldn’t remember. He groped two big handfuls of the freckled ass

now though, pulling her until she was practically bent over the desk. He held her still, spread her cheeks and swirled his tongue over her asshole. She mewled softly behind the lip she was biting.

“Now when we get to camp,” he hummed, reaching into one of the vanity drawers for lube, “you’re still mine..” He squirted some of the lube between her ass, making her shiver. He rubbed it in with his thumb.

“So don’t pussy out on me when I want to use you there too. I don’t care who sees Max. Don’t fucking piss me off because I will embarrass the fuck out of you...got it.”

Billy finished by pushing his thumb inside of her, not waiting for an answer since he knew he got his point across. Max laid her head on the desk, nodding but unable to say anything back just yet. She held her position and let him push his thumb in and out of her. He pulled out of her, standing up behind her and reaching for the hairbrush again and for a second she was worried he really was going to spank her but she saw him lube it up in the mirror.

He placed one big hand on her lower back, locking her into place. She wasn’t properly opened up yet for something so wide but Billy knew that and she knew that he knew. He slid the brush handle up and down her crack before lining it up with the rim of her asshole. Slowly he started to push it in, watching her face contort in pain in the mirror. Billy was practically drooling when he looked back down at her ass, loving out well his sister’s hole swallowed the brush, stretching her so nicely. Once the handle was fully inside her, Max’s wetness was dripping down her pale thighs and tears were brimming.

“Such a fucking slut,” he spoke, taking a better hold on the brush.

He pulled it almost all the way out before shoving it right back in, making her grip the vanity with a gasp. He started to thrust the brush in and out of her with a nice rhythm, his dick twitched every time she would whine, moan, or shift to meet the brush halfway. Billy took a seat again, turning Max and around and guiding her to sit on his bare thigh. He was wearing shorts as well. Billy face Max towards him so that her cunt was flush against his thigh and so he was able to still fuck her with her hairbrush. Max rested her face against his

shoulder as he used one hand to grind her against his leg while the other pumped the brush, faster now. She was loosening up so well that the handle was slipping in and out smoothly enough, creating that suction noise he lived for.

Max rocked her warm pussy against Billy's thigh, moaning at the double stimulation. Her juices were wetting up the man's leg helping her slide back and forth easily. She was close, gripped her arm tightly. She kept sparing longing glances at the massive bulge within Billy's shorts, almost craving his cock. It wasn't often that he left it out of the equation. She went to reach for his zipper but got her hand swatted away.

"If I wanted you on my dick, I would put you there. Worry about cumming for me, I know you're close."

"God you're so a-annoying," she said through a moan, her hips stuttering as she teetered on the edge of cumming.

Billy slapped his hand down hard against her ass, pushing her over that edge, making her squirt against his thigh with a squeal. He held her as she shook uncontrollably, pumping the brush until she had still. She sighed softly as he pulled the hairbrush out of her ass.

"Go get dressed so we can leave. A skirt this time and not those ugly ass shorts."

Max stood, blushing at the mess she made on him and the floor but moving to do as told.

"I'll meet you in the car. You're sucking me off on the way there, got it brat?"

"Yes, Billy."

Notes for the Chapter:

who remembers when I only wrote Billy-Max...
anyway here's chappie 2

4. A Pick Me Up

Summary for the Chapter:

tw / nsfw monster content, wet dreams, jerking off

“That will be \$5.50, sir.” Mike hummed while pressing the next button to print out the customer's receipt. He had been working at the local grocery store since he graduated, opting to do community college instead of move away somewhere like Dustin and Jane had done.

Now that it was summer break, Mike took a few months off to work at the summer camp with Max and Lucas. It was kind of their thing now. A lot of things were kind of theirs now...like each other for example. A year before they graduated, Jane and Mike broke up and a little bit after that Mike somehow landed himself a spot in Max and Lucas' relationship. It was weird at first, wondering how he wouldn't end up a third wheel but it was surprisingly really nice.

It wasn't long before Mike was closing down his register for the afternoon and going to the back for his things. When he returned, Lucas was leaning on one of the counters looking as handsome as ever. He had on athletic shorts and a muscle tee as if he had just finished shooting hoops on the old basketball court and Mike let out a long breath through his nose at the sight of the man's toned arms and legs. He'd drop to his knees right there if he could but instead he mustered up an awkward wave as he stalked over to him.

“There's my favorite cashier, ready to go?” Lucas smiled in that wide way that he always did and Mike nodded.

“Yeah. Where's Max? I thought she was sleeping over before we head to camp tomorrow?”

“Change of plans. Billy drove them there today so she won't be able to make it.”

Mike felt himself frown at the news then he gasped when Lucas pulled him in by one of his belt loops before throwing that arm over

his shoulder. The boys walked out together, Mike's face burning at Lucas' public display of affection. The boys left the store, heading straight for Lucas' car. In the trunk Mike already had his bags for camp packed so he wouldn't have to worry about rushing to grab his things from home the next morning. Mike stared out of the window as Lucas drove home, thinking about his best friend who he hadn't seen since his own Junior year. Will's communication with any of the party had been slim but Mike still felt an extra sense of attack since he had been friends with the boy since kindergarten.

Mike was fully aware though that this wasn't a personal thing. He had a strong feeling the upside down still had its hold on Will if not just weakly.

...

Will jolted awake in bed as if he had been shocked with an electrical wire. He was pale and covered in sweat with the expression of someone who had seen a ghost. Worse than his pounding heart from the nightmare, he was also painfully hard in his sleep shorts. Glancing at the clock, Will read that it was almost two in the morning. His mom would be asleep and he was too dazed to care if she wasn't. He swallowed, closing his eyes and lying back against his pillow. Flashes of the dream hit him instantly: the walls of the upside down pulsing around him like a heartbeat, the echo of the mind flayer's breathy hiss, the feel of the viney limbs licking at his ankles.

Will sighed and let a hand run down his stomach and down his shorts. The moment his clammy fingers brushed against his length, he twitched as if shocked. The dreams grew more lewd as time went on and this one had to be the most curious so far. Will let his mind drift back to the dream, seeing it and feeling it as if it were happening to him in that moment. The limbs had held him down against the moist ground by his head, his arms, and his ankles. His legs had been parted and scratched against with the mind flayer's vines. Like usual, his hole was touched and prodded and like usual Will wished something would happen. He hated that he did but his dick was always so stiff under him that his brain was too clouded with lust to think otherwise.

Though this time there was a drastic difference. Instead of just vines,

he felt hands this time- big ones. The boy had struggled to look over his shoulder but the vines kept his head cemented to the ground. The rough hands petted and squeezed at his bare ass. One of the vines slithered under Will and wrapped around his waist, pulling his lower half into an upward position.

Will let out a small gasp at the memory, his hand well into stroking himself. His face burned red at the thoughts of him jerking off to the horror that was the mind flayer, jerking off to it violating him so carelessly in his dreams. The boy's hips bucked up.

Back in the dream replica of the upside down, the hands had continued to rub at any exposed skin (except where he wanted it to) and finally Wil was jolting forward at the feeling of something wet and slimy sliding between his ass and swirling around his hole. That was the part that woke Will up and now it is the part that made him cum all over his hand. The boy trembled against the orgasm before going limp against his sweat-soaked sheets.

As he was catching his breath the roar of an engine sounded outside his window. Glancing at the clock, it was now almost three in the morning and the thought of anyone outside his house was absurd to him. With shaky legs, he stumbled to his window to peak. He seized up automatically, goosebumps spread all over his body. The beat up blue camaro was parked in his driveway and standing in front of it, staring at him was Billy Hargrove. The look was so piercing and cold that Will backed up. He reopened the blinds to take another look but this time the man and his sports car were gone. There was only his older brother's car..and his brother, Jonathan.

Will ran to the living room, wondering if he had only imagined Billy. It was dark after all, and he had seen things that weren't there before. In the living room, Jonathan was walking in with a suitcase rolling behind him. He jumped slightly at the sight of Will standing by the couch.

His brother still looked the same, though his under eyes were more of a dark purple. He smiled gently, opening his arms for a hug. Will didn't move. He hadn't seen his brother in almost three years. He was too busy following behind Nancy Wheeler like a lost puppy and not once did he think to pick up the phone.

“What, are you mad at me?,” he gave a nervous laugh.

“Why are you here, Johnathan?”

His brother shrugged a bit, “Mom said you were going to some camp so she wanted me to look out for you.”

“Spy on me.”

“No she wanted me to make sure you’d be alright kiddo.”

Will rolled his eyes, “I’m nineteen. I’m not a kid anymore. I don’t need a babysitter.”

Will was reminded painfully of the time his mom had made him go trick or treating with Jonathan. It had been so embarrassing. The thought of being babied like that while his friends ran free, always pissed him off.

“Oh cool off a bit, will ya? I won’t bother you. I’ll just check in on you once in a while to keep mom sane, alright?”

The younger of the two huffed before turning on his heel and heading back to his room. This whole camp thing was growing worse as time went by. Will crawled into bed, kicking off his soggy boxers. The boy went to sleep with the nag of annoyance.